

BROOKLYN'S MURDER MYSTERY.

That Mysterious Woman Who Was Arrested in New York.

LUCETTE ARMSTRONG, THE SEAMSTRESS.

Was This Poorly-Paid Shirtmaker Chas. Goodrich's Companion?

WHAT LUCETTE'S MOTHER SAYS.

Sad Picture of Suffering in Old Age.

Have the Brooklyn Police Made a False Chase?

The Prisoner's Whereabouts on the Fatal Night—Britain Doesn't Care About Coroner's Jury Verdict or Opinion—He Will Hold Her Anyhow—The Inquest Commenced.

The bogus "hacmen" of the Brooklyn detective force in all probability has never been so thoroughly exposed in any of the cases they have had to "work up," as it will doubtless be in a few days in connection with the very mysterious arrest of a young woman at 22 Orchard street, New York, about six o'clock in the evening. This woman is, or was supposed to be, the murderer of Mr. Charles Goodrich, or was supposed to know something about it.

Yesterday afternoon a HERALD reporter called at No. 22 Orchard street, and, guided by information gleaned in other quarters, went up one flight of stairs and knocked at the door of room No. 1. The house is a tenement house.

A RATHER HANDSOME YOUNG WOMAN, with features of an Israelitish type, opened the door.

"Does Mrs. Levy live here?" asked the reporter. "Yes," replied the young woman.

"Are you the lady?"

The young woman hesitated, and without replying said, "Well, what is it?"

"Was a young woman named Myers in your employ here, and was she arrested last night?"

"Yes," replied the young Jewess, "she worked here, she was arrested last night. The officers were here to-day from Brooklyn. They are not long gone. The Chief of Police (Campbell), I think, was here, and he said if any reporters came here to tell them nothing—to tell them to come and see him and he would give them all the information about it."

"I should like to ask you a few questions, if agreeable," continued the reporter. The lady nodded. In reply to his questions she said:—"She has been working for us about three weeks, at shirtmaking, and came to us in reply to an advertisement for a seamstress to operate a sewing machine. She was a good workwoman, quiet and appeared very respectable, but seemed very poor. She worked from about eight or nine o'clock in the morning until about half-past six or seven at night, and sometimes

took home shirts to finish.

"She earned from three to four dollars a week."

"Was she at work on Thursday of last week—a week ago yesterday?"

"Yes; she worked all day, and went home about half-past six o'clock."

"Did she come to work on Friday morning?"

"No; she did not come to work at all on Friday, but she was here as usual on Saturday."

"Was there anything remarkable in her manner that day?"

"No; we talked and laughed as usual while we were at work."

"Did you know or was anything said about the fact that a man named Goodrich had been murdered in Brooklyn on that Thursday night or early on Friday morning?"

"Yes, we knew about it," replied the Jewess, "from the papers; we take a paper, and some of us were reading things in the paper and laughing about them, when, by and by, she took the paper and began reading, and

when she came to the report about the murder she read that to us. When she got through she said it was foolish to say that man committed suicide. He must be murdered. How could a man shoot himself three times in the head? And why would he want to shoot himself in the back of the head? She didn't appear excited or anything about it."

"Did she say anything to lead you to believe that she knew the murdered man?"

"No. She didn't say anything about it of that sort. She just talked like any one else would talk about such a thing, but we had no idea she was acquainted with him."

"Did she live near you or in this neighborhood?" asked the reporter.

"She lives with her mother."

"Do you know her mother's name or where she lives?"

"Well, her name is Hubbell, or something like that, and she lives at 40 Livingston street."

"Under what name did you know this woman, who was arrested last night?"

"Myers—Lucy Myers," replied the young Jewess, who evidently looked as though she would rather obey Chief Campbell's injunction and send the reporter to Brooklyn. "But that is not her name," she continued; "her name is Armstrong. She told us her husband's name was Armstrong, but that he was killed on the railroad near Buffalo."

"This was all that was developed in the conversation, and the reporter left, and, proceeding up Orchard street a few blocks, turned into Livingston street to No. 40.

The house is a five-story brick double tenement house, with brown stone facings, the lower story occupied by stores. Before visiting

THE DOMESTIC ALLOT the reporter entered a small grocery store to the right of the door leading to the tenement.

A smart-looking German woman appeared behind the counter and the reporter asked if she knew whether a woman named Hubbell lived in the upper part of the building. She replied that she did not know of any such person.

"Do you know whether a woman named Armstrong lives there?" continued the reporter.

"Armstrong? Yes, there is a tall, dark-haired woman of that name lives with her mother on the top floor."

"Do you know anything of her habits?"

"No," replied the German woman. "I have seen her pass in and out a number of times, and she came in here two or three times to buy something. That is all I know about her. They came here to live only about a month ago, and I hear they are very poor. They live in the top story, back room, and I believe they were obliged to leave the house they lived in last because they could not pay it, and they lived here and told my husband not to trust them because they couldn't pay, and that they owed the butcher and grocer where they had been dealing."

Up four flights of stairs the reporter next climbed, and knocked at the door of a rear room. The door was opened at once and a short, plump lady, of perhaps fifty-five or sixty years of age, and wearing spectacles, appeared in response.

"Does Mrs. Armstrong live here?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the old lady, with a tinge of sadness in her voice. "Please step in," and she opened the door wide.

prised two tables, half a dozen wooden seat chairs and a cooking stove. The walls were adorned with a few common pictures, a glittering copper teakettle steamed on the stove. The very noticeable feature about everything was the cleanliness and neatness of the apartment. The furniture was scrubbed to whiteness and the old-fashioned stove was nicely blacked.

THE LADY'S STORY. One of about forty years of age and the other probably six or seven, sat in a corner, half absorbed, the younger one dressed in a light blue jacket, the older one in a dark dress, and both with expressions of the most depressing gloom and despair. The old lady and the reporter were soon seated and the reporter asked:

"I presume, of course, that you are aware of the circumstances in which your daughter is placed, and have come to ask you concerning her," inquired the reporter.

"Yes," replied the lady. "I am a Jewess, and have called to ask you some questions, which I hope may not prove disagreeable to you—at least they are not intended to be so."

The old lady pressed her hands to her eyes and said with much evident mental anguish, "Oh, not to do so, sir! I will answer all your questions. I have been married and living all day, and I have nothing to conceal and can only tell the truth."

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THE CORONER'S INVESTIGATION.

How Did Charles Goodrich Die?—The Inquest—How and Where He Was Last Seen Alive—The Discovery of His Body—Testimony of the Victim's Brother—Testimony of "The Woman" Interrupted.

The Inquest Touching the Death of Mr. Charles Goodrich, who was found dead last Friday morning in the basement of his dwelling in Degraw street, Brooklyn, with three pistol wounds in his head, was commenced before Coroner Whitehill, in the Court of Sessions room, at half-past two o'clock yesterday afternoon. There was a large number of spectators present.

EVIDENCE OF MRS. BROOK. Mrs. Catherine Berge, who was the first witness called, testified as follows:—I reside at 93 1/2 Mth avenue. I knew Mr. Goodrich who resided in Degraw street; he came into my room; I last saw Mr. Goodrich alive on Thursday; he came into my room about five o'clock; I was sitting by the window reading a book; he got some meat; I did not notice what he went after he got it.

By a juror—How do you know it was Mr. Goodrich that came to your place? A. A boy told me it was he, and I remembered so the time I saw the row of carriages in front of his door; I saw him a good many times when he came to my store; I can't say how many times I saw him last week; I am not in the store all the time; I am sure I saw him on Thursday, because my husband was away and I was in the store.

TESTIMONY OF JAMES HOWAN. Mr. James Howan, sworn-in live at 103 Third place; I last saw Mr. Goodrich alive on the Wednesday prior to his death, about eight or nine o'clock A. M.; I saw him in one of the houses he lived in on Degraw street, in one of the row of brown stone houses; I went there on business; I transacted my business with him; I was to come there in the afternoon; I failed to get there, but came there the next morning near twelve o'clock; I knocked at the door with my cane, but received no answer and supposed he had gone to his business; I then left with the intention of returning, but did not, and came on Friday morning about seven o'clock; I received an answer and went in, and found a man came to the door and asked me to be a plumber; I left a message with the man that I would call in the afternoon; I then left and did not see Mr. Goodrich again until I saw him in a furniture store in Fulton street that Mr. Goodrich was shot; I called at the house frequently on the night of Thursday; I have been there six or eight times; I believe I have seen him with him, he came to my house, 103 Third place; during my visits there when I could not see him through the door, I saw him through the window; I never saw any female there with him; at one time I saw a lady there with a little boy, who appeared anxious to rent the house; Mr. Goodrich asked me to call on him, and I called on him with her husband; my object in calling to see him was to make an exchange of some property; I believe I saw him at the time of his death; I don't think I could recognize any of the persons whom I saw there; I have found him at his home on Thursday; I have seen him at his house as many as three times as early as seven o'clock; at one time he was eating breakfast at the table; I saw him at the table; I saw him at any time; at the time I saw him eating breakfast he was alone; I looked through the window and saw him there; I can't remember how far down the curtilage he was; but I saw him.

THE STORY OF BUNKER HILL. Bunker Hill, sworn-in live at 112 Dean street; I saw Mr. Goodrich on Thursday, 28th, in front of 375 Fulton street; I saw him in a furniture store in Fulton street that Mr. Goodrich was shot; I called at the house frequently on the night of Thursday; I have been there six or eight times; I believe I have seen him with him, he came to my house, 103 Third place; during my visits there when I could not see him through the door, I saw him through the window; I never saw any female there with him; at one time I saw a lady there with a little boy, who appeared anxious to rent the house; Mr. Goodrich asked me to call on him, and I called on him with her husband; my object in calling to see him was to make an exchange of some property; I believe I saw him at the time of his death; I don't think I could recognize any of the persons whom I saw there; I have found him at his home on Thursday; I have seen him at his house as many as three times as early as seven o'clock; at one time he was eating breakfast at the table; I saw him at the table; I saw him at any time; at the time I saw him eating breakfast he was alone; I looked through the window and saw him there; I can't remember how far down the curtilage he was; but I saw him.

STATEMENT OF NICHOLAS CARROLL. Nicholas Carroll, sworn-in live at 111 Mth street; I saw Mr. Goodrich on Thursday, 28th, in front of 375 Fulton street; I saw him in a furniture store in Fulton street that Mr. Goodrich was shot; I called at the house frequently on the night of Thursday; I have been there six or eight times; I believe I have seen him with him, he came to my house, 103 Third place; during my visits there when I could not see him through the door, I saw him through the window; I never saw any female there with him; at one time I saw a lady there with a little boy, who appeared anxious to rent the house; Mr. Goodrich asked me to call on him, and I called on him with her husband; my object in calling to see him was to make an exchange of some property; I believe I saw him at the time of his death; I don't think I could recognize any of the persons whom I saw there; I have found him at his home on Thursday; I have seen him at his house as many as three times as early as seven o'clock; at one time he was eating breakfast at the table; I saw him at the table; I saw him at any time; at the time I saw him eating breakfast he was alone; I looked through the window and saw him there; I can't remember how far down the curtilage he was; but I saw him.

STATEMENT OF AUGUST REYNOLDS. August Reynolds, sworn-in live at 112 Dean street; I saw Mr. Goodrich on Thursday, 28th, in front of 375 Fulton street; I saw him in a furniture store in Fulton street that Mr. Goodrich was shot; I called at the house frequently on the night of Thursday; I have been there six or eight times; I believe I have seen him with him, he came to my house, 103 Third place; during my visits there when I could not see him through the door, I saw him through the window; I never saw any female there with him; at one time I saw a lady there with a little boy, who appeared anxious to rent the house; Mr. Goodrich asked me to call on him, and I called on him with her husband; my object in calling to see him was to make an exchange of some property; I believe I saw him at the time of his death; I don't think I could recognize any of the persons whom I saw there; I have found him at his home on Thursday; I have seen him at his house as many as three times as early as seven o'clock; at one time he was eating breakfast at the table; I saw him at the table; I saw him at any time; at the time I saw him eating breakfast he was alone; I looked through the window and saw him there; I can't remember how far down the curtilage he was; but I saw him.

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